

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Tommy Gives In.

BY LOUISE OLIVER.
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TOMMY was rebellious. "Oh, thunder, I don't want to get married."

Mrs. Bolton's lognotte went up. "Thomas!"

"Oh, well!" Tommy hung his head under her austere gaze. "Why does every one have to pick on a fellow when he is having a good time?"

"Because your father and I know what is best for you. Mary Genevieve Sawyer and you will be happy. Marry some silly child without money, brains or breeding and you'll be sorry the rest of your life. You'll see," more tenderly, "we know you better than you know yourself, Thomas. Besides, when your father has worked for years amassing a fortune it's a bit natural that he should have an interest in the person who will help spend it."

"Give me time, mother. But it seems to me that you and dad are doing the very thing they're trying to break up in China. I'll bet the girl's tickled to death about it same as me," sourly.

"She's got sense and she'll do what she's told!"

"I hate highbrows!"

"She isn't a— the vulgar thing you call her just because she took highest honors at college." Mrs. Bolton picked up her embroidery and Tommy sighed with relief. The grilling was at an end. This was not the first time the subject had been broached to him.

"I guess I'll go fishing!" Tommy lit a cigarette and stepped off the porch. The Bolton lodge was on one of the many islands in the chain of Canadian lakes. Boats took the place of automobiles.

Once out of sight, Tommy dug down for a leather pocketbook and from the neatly arranged bills and papers he fished a bit of rag. He held it tenderly in the palm of his hand for a minute, smiling reminiscently. It was thin white stuff, embroidered in pink and blue daisies, with a delicate tracery of green leaf. The edges were frayed and torn. Scissors had never detached that piece from the original garment. Tommy knew that. He put it back tenderly, went toward the boat landing, still dreaming. He wondered where the girl was and who she was—the owner of the dress. He had found her in a boat in a little deserted cove at sunset, her engine gone dead, and there she was waiting patiently for deliverance like a demure little Thimble on her water lily leaf.

"Tommy had chugged around the corner and stopped."

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello!" she answered.

"What's wrong?"

"I don't know!"

"Want a lift?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Then I'm the person you're looking for. But you'll have to get in here. I can't tow you—I've no line."

"Thank you. If you'll put me off at the hotel, I can get my boat in the morning." She sat up and there was a sound of ripping and tearing

as one of the flounces caught and held.

"What a rotten shame!" he sympathized, reaching over and trying to help her extricate herself.

"I can't help it, and it's too late to go home for another," she said.

"I'm dining with the Merriks and Alice can pin me up some way."

Free at last, she stepped into the seat beside him and Tommy slipped the bit of muslin into a pocket and happily settled himself beside her and turned the boat toward her destination.

Then he lost her. Next day he went to the hotel, only to find that the Merriks had departed. He called himself a fool and everything else in the calendar for not finding out her name before.

He continued his search disconsolately for days, each hour thinking of some new charm and almost weeping out his ragged soul with looking at it. "She was just the girl for me," he sighed. "Little, pretty, curly hair, peachy lips, teasing eyes, jolly, dandy teeth, and I'll bet she don't know a Latin grammar from a cook book. I'll bet she doesn't wear awning stripes, either. That dress just suited her. Sweet and pretty and kind of fairy like." And lovesick Tommy would take out the sample again.

Genevieve Sawyer, indeed! Days passed, weeks passed, months passed. The Boltons had closed their cottage and returned to New York. Tommy had given up loafing and was working hard in his father's bank. From pure weariness and discouragement, he had almost given in about Genevieve Sawyer, although he had never seen her, the family not having come back to the city.

The first of November came. Tommy was getting restless again.

"May I have a week off, dad? I think, if you don't mind, I'll go up to Danny's in Maine and shoot a bit."

"Sure, boy, go if you wish," Bolton senior was pleased with Tommy these days. He had his heart set on the Sawyer alliance. Besides, he liked Tommy's growing energy for business.

So Tommy, with bag and gun case, rapped one evening at Danny's cottage and old Martha let him in.

"Bless me, it's the boy, Dan!"

Tommy shook hands with the old hunter, who patted his shoulder affectionately with his other gnarled old hand. "We'd sure miss you, Tom, if you didn't come. The woods are thick with game this year, and you're wise to come early."

After supper, the men settled down to talk and Martha sat sewing by the fire. Strip after strip she sewed end to end, rolling them into a ball for the weaver. It's for rag rugs for the new lodge up yonder," she explained. "The missus sent me bushels of things to cut up. Here's one finished!" She proudly held up a rug, all the colors of the rainbow.

"Pretty, very," agreed Tommy. "One wouldn't think rags could be made into that." His eye wandered over the heap on the floor. Suddenly he saw something—a piece of white thin stuff, embroidered in pink and blue daisies.

"Where did you get this, Martha?" springing to his feet and holding the strip toward her.

"Why, that came with the rest of the things Mrs. Sawyer sent. One of Miss Genevieve's dresses, I suppose!"

"Genevieve Sawyer!" Tommy was sure he had lost his senses. "Are the Sawyers here?"

"They built the new lodge," explained Danny.

"Finally, however, Emma spied a friend and she said:

"Say, Sallie, get me the best looking maid's dress you have for two ninety-eight."

"Sallie brought out a number of simple little frocks and I tried them on. They fitted me perfectly."

"You are a perfect thirty-six, Paula," said Emma with a laugh.

"What's the game?" asked Sallie, as Emma and I discussed how the embroidered collar and cuffs I had would look with it.

"No game at all," said Emma. "Paula is going to be hat girl at the restaurant."

"Again Sallie showed her breeding by not saying a word. Instead she said:

"Let me put your collar on so you can see how it looks."

"It was fine, and truly Margie, I have never looked better than I did in that simple little frock."

"As Sallie went to have it wrapped, I asked Emma how much she got a week."

"About \$8, was her answer. She told me that she sells about \$500 worth of goods a week."

"Then according to the law per-

centage, she should get more than \$8, was my comment. Emma looked at me and smiled.

"You learned that at college, didn't you? Let me tell you, my friend, the price of labor is not set by the law of percentage. Like everything else in this world, it is set by the law of supply and demand."

"There are thousands of girls who want to work in stores, for little pay, as they live at home. And while the money does not wholly support them, it helps and takes some of the burden off the head of the house."

"These girls set the price of labor. No business man is going to pay more than he has to, for anything he buys. You, my dear, can make much more money at the restaurant if you can stand the fuss that will be made over you."

"It was a good thing I did not know what Emma meant by 'fuss,' or I am sure I would have not gone."

"Margie, when I get settled, I am going to devote my life and money to the cause of making men regard women as a part of that great human family to which they themselves belong."

"I do not regret the lesson I learned as check girl. I consider it built more solidly the foundation of my character."

STOCKINGS COME DOWN; SHOES GO UP!



Stockings are coming down—in length—and shoes are going up—in price! The short "calf length" stocking for women is the thing in smart circles, and is said to be cooler and less expensive than the long stocking. The new hose are held up by an elastic band with a nifty little bow on the front. The picture, posed by three movie actresses of the Vitaphone company, shows the old and new in hosiery.

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plained Danny. "Ye ought to see it! Some day Miss Genevieve wants to go hunting with me. D'y'e mind if we take her?"

"No," agreed Tommy huskily. "We might take her tomorrow."

Danny was trailing a deer. Tommy, perfectly happy, was breaking frosty underbrush for Genevieve to get through. The girl, to a casual observer, was as happy as Tommy, and in her fawn-colored hunting suit was as pretty as she was in the pink and blue summer frock.

Suddenly Tommy turned. "Say, what's the difference between a Latin grammar and a cook book?"

She thought a moment. "Why, I don't know. What's the answer?" she asked.

Tommy caught her hand and looked into her eyes. "The answer is, he said deliberately, "that I'm going to marry you, dear, if you'll have me!"

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FAIRVIEW.

Mrs. Dove Yost Berry, of Morgantown was a week end visitor, the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Yost.

Miss Elizabeth Case and Mrs. Cambridge were in Fairmont shopping Saturday.

Mrs. Minnie Clayton Hess of Riverdale is a week end visitor the guest of her brother Albert Clayton.

Mrs. Marion Bowman is a week end visitor, at Fairmont, the guest of Dr. Satterfield.

John Harvey of Missouri was here for the funeral of Miss Annie Harvey, Friday and will visit friends in this county.

Miss Leman of Fairmont was a week end visitor with the Misses Underwood.

John Corrothers of Wadestown was in the city Saturday.

Superintendent Weaver was a business visitor at Fairmont Saturday.

Harry Story is working in Fairmont.

Mrs. Blanche Kitter and daughter Miss Freda of Littleton are week end guests of Mrs. Osa Sutton and Mrs. Herbert Toothman and other relatives.

Mrs. James Powell and Miss Berthe Whetzel have returned from Webster Springs.

Miss Blanche Ramsey of Morgantown is visiting her sister Mrs. Willis Haughe.

Alen Engle was a Fairmont visitor Saturday.

Returned Home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Poe and daughter Grace who have been in camp near Kingwood returned home Sunday evening. Miss Grace is very ill.

Here From Morgantown.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lee of Morgantown came up Saturday evening to see their nephew Master Paris Pratt who is a patient in Miner's Hospital. They returned home Sunday.

Personals.

Mrs. J. D. Cox and Mrs. David Rogers are at Mt. Lake Park for a few days stay.

W. C. Snyder spent Sunday at Terra Alta.

Mrs. Hugh F. Smith was called to Weston Sunday by the illness of her father.

A son was born Saturday to Mr. and Mrs. James Keener who reside in Water street.

Miss Rebecca Summers has been quite sick for a few days.

A son was born Sunday to Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Minor on Guffey street.

Earl Dave of Mannington spent Saturday in the city.

Mrs. Otella South who has been visiting relatives in Pennsylvania is the guest of her brothers H. L. and J. G. M. Donham.

Mr. Joseph Carpenter spent Sunday at the Woodley, Carpenter, Ford camp near Opekiska.

Arthur Cunningham has gone to

EAST SIDE NEWS

From Nicholas County.

Baltimore and Ohio ticket agent French Barnes has returned from Wade, Nicholas county where he was called by the illness and death of his father Frances Marion Barnes. Mr. Barnes was a civil war veteran being a member of the W. Va. cavalry and a former resident of this county. His demise will be learned with regret by many residents of this county who were his old time associates.

Annual Picnic.

The Sunday school of the First M. P. church will hold their annual picnic at Traction Park next Thursday. All members of the church are urged to attend.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Poe and daughter Grace who have been in camp near Kingwood returned home Sunday evening. Miss Grace is very ill.

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Arthur Cunningham has gone to

Marion, Ohio for a couple of weeks visit with relatives.

Mrs. D. S. Helmick has returned from a two weeks' visit at Tunnelton.

Martha, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Levelle has been quite sick for several days.

Mrs. James Miserve is ill at her home on State street.

Local Suffragists Hayride and Picnic

A large number of Suffragists from Riverdale attended a Sunday school picnic at McCurdyville yesterday, the party making the trip on a hay wagon. Miss Margaret McKinney, of this city, chairman of the Marion county suffrage organization, accompanied by Miss Jean West, of Mannington, went to Riverdale and made the trip with the delegation.

The picnic was held by the Sunday schools of the Baptist and Methodist Episcopal churches and was an enjoyable affair.

Miss West, who is an ardent young suffragist, made a suffrage talk which was greeted with much applause. Her talk was both practical and interesting and she made many converts to her cause. Mrs. Arthur Musgrave, who recently moved to McCurdyville from this city, was one of the promoters of the picnic which was a decided success.

W. H. HAYHURST AN ENTHUSIAST

Colfax Man's Nervous Ills Driven From Trenches by Nerv-Worth.

Two bottles of this wonderful family Nerve Tonic almost made Mr. Hayhurst over. His remaining ill are fast disappearing—"getting better every day." This is what he says and signs his name to:

Crane's drug store—My trouble was rheumatism, nervous, sleepless nights, no appetite, gas on my stomach. Disky spots before my eyes, pains in my stomach. This has been of ten years' standing.

Have taken two bottles of Nerv-Worth. All the troubles above mentioned are gone except the pain in my stomach